

# BRACKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BABBAE,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.  
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.**  
Per year.....\$1.00  
Six months......50  
Three months......25  
One copy one year free for club of ten subscribers.  
Subscriptions must be paid in advance.  
No paper sent beyond time paid for.

DAVID R. MURRAY,  
REV. J. L. EDMONDSON, EDITORS.  
DECEMBER.....25, 1878.

All letters and papers intended for publication, please address the "Editors of the Brackenridge News," or "Editors of News." All communications on Business, address to J. D. BABBAE.

All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

In accordance with custom, we will issue no paper next week, but give the "boys" an opportunity to enjoy the Christmas holidays. We wish our patrons, one and all, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and fervently hope that each and all of us may be spared to meet again on the 8th of January to smoothly jog along in company until another Christmas causes another brief separation.

## A SHORT CHRISTMAS SERMON.

As we write, this night before Christmas, Time, the tireless old sexton, is digging the grave of the dying year.

Dying? Yes.  
The years do die as mortals die—  
From death nothing is free—  
The ghosts of the departed years  
Form vast eternity.

The death-rattle is already in his throat, his eyes are glazing, and the elements for these many days have been weaving the white around so soon to envelope his shrunken and emaciated form.

There's a valuable lesson, O ye saints and sinners, taught us all, if we would only lay it to heart, by this spectacle of the dying year.

How short the time seems since we welcomed his birth with ringing of joy-bells, with exultant songs, and all the glad, mad revelry that attends upon the advent of an infant heir to a throne.

What a bright, lusty young thing he was, crowned and reigning, too, at a time when mortal children are too tender to be left for a moment from their mothers' arms and breasts.

The Spring cast her wealth of flowers beneath his feet, and commanded her birds to sing their sweetest songs in his praise. She garlanded his brows with orchard blossoms, wrapped his sturdy limbs with the greenery of leaves and grasses, and trained the May-winds to kiss his cheeks softly, while April furnished his bath with tears sweet and perfumed as honey of Hymettus.

Summer filled his granaries with largess of field and orchard and vineyard, and made of his gardens and bowers Eldorado of floral sweets. Her warm and glowing skies canopied him, and her voluptuous embraces filled him with ecstasy indescribable.

Autumn crowned his manhood with the glory and wealth of her domain. The harvest garnered, the fruits gathered, the wine pressed, the days were passed in kaleidoscopic scenes that formed the beauty and grandeur of his brief reign.

Then came Winter—and with Winter, Death.

So it is with man.  
First the child—typified by Spring.  
Then youth—typified by Summer.  
Then manhood—typified by Autumn.  
Then old age—typified by Winter.  
And with old age comes Death; and after Death, what?

As surely as one year is succeeded by another—as surely as one week hence we will be hailing and crowning the New Year—just so surely after this life comes another.

And O, brethren and sisters, let us so live while we can control our own actions that the life to come will be to each and all of us a new and never-dying year of bliss that angels will share—aye, that God and Christ will bless and brighten and glorify, forever and forever, with their sweet and gracious and loving presence.

AMEN.

Ir John C. Underwood goes through the State putting up many more such jobs on the old Hero of Hickman, as that one he so successfully manipulated in Union county, he may and will get the gubernatorial nomination from a pack of convention—but he never will be elected Governor of Kentucky. The First District taught the party managers and tricksters at the last election a lesson they will do well to heed. The day has gone by when a clique of politicians, always unbought and untried for fat offices, can pull the wires and set the Democratic voters to jump at their will and pleasure as no many puppets, and we can prove that easily by Mr. Lawrence Trimble. To-day, at a primary election, Dr. Blackburn would poll two votes in Union county to Underwood's one. Between these two lies the race for the nomination—that ex-Kentucky Nothing leader and professional office-seeker, Jones, being nowhere—and if Underwood don't win it fairly and squarely and aboard, the next Governor of Kentucky will be an independent or a Republican. Mark the prediction.

DON'T PITY ME, BUT TO BY IN A passion because Hayes' administration is waning out its gigantic consolidated intellect in trying to write a Paul de Kock story of his Parisian escapades of thirty years ago. The best of us always kick over the traces when in Paris. Why, we — But, then, we have no call to tell on ourselves.

CONGRATULATE ME, BECAUSE THAT Kentucky has no newspapers. And Kentucky is delighted that she has no Congress.

CONGRATULATE ME, BECAUSE THAT Baltimore has a fair deal, say we.

# THE "SOLID SOUTH"

We have carefully read Mr. Henry Waterson's contribution to the January number of the North American Review, and while acknowledging its power and force and felicity of language, we must say that we hardly think he has gone much beyond cracking the shell of the nut.

The solidification of the South—that is, the unity of political sentiment so fast cementing whites and blacks together in one political organization—is not so much the need for local self-government and hostility to Northern dictation and carpetbag rule, as a desire on the part of all citizens to recover lost property, establish present peace, and lay the foundation for future power and greatness.

Republicanism has been tried, and found to be worse than a failure—a positive curse. It has misled, deceived, robbed and betrayed the negroes. It fostered upon them and their white neighbors strangers for rulers who would have disgraced any Northern penitentiary—thieves, robbers and adulterers—creatures who promised peace to the whites, secretly incited the negroes to violence, then robbed their ignorant tools of their hard earnings, debauched their wives and daughters, plundered the State treasuries, eventually made off with their booty, and are now enjoying their ill-gotten gains in various Northern States, protected from pursuit, arrest and punishment by the present and preceding Republican administrations.

All these facts the Southern negroes are as cognizant of as their white neighbors. They know, too, and appreciate the more important fact to them that with the flight of the Republican carpetbaggers and the passage of the State governments into Democratic hands, stable government was given them, public schools were given them, good wages paid them, and they remained unmolested in possession of all the rights of citizenship, on a plane of perfect political equality with their white fellow-citizens. They know how to put this and that together as well as anybody, and they know perfectly well that they have prospered under home Democratic rule where they suffered and deteriorated under Republican dictation. Hence their defection from the latter and adhesion to the former party. Hence the "Solid South" of to-day and the Unanimous South of to-morrow. Five years from now there will not be a solitary Republican, white or black, south of the Ohio river.

## NEW ALBANY'S JANUARY, AND MAY.

Rev. James Dixon, D. D., is the way he signs his name. Lizzie Kepley is the way she signs hers. He is an old man—he is a married man and the father of a family. She is a young woman, and not yet entitled to be the mother of a family. He is foolish for his years and calling, and she is also foolish for her years and standing in New Albany society, which is said to be good.

There are some who think that because the years grow on a man—because Time with its graver marks his face with lines, because his eyes grow dim, his shoulders bend, his legs unsteady about the knees, his hair gray and thin upon the poll, that he loses all taste for beauty—that his spells when women and tossed upon him by milk-white, shapely hands, to the silvery music of a merry laugh issuing from cleft rosebud lips, and glorified by the sparkling glance of mischievous eyes, has no more effect upon his chilled and sluggish blood than the warmth and brightness of the summer sun on the chilled veins of a marble statue. But that is all they know about it. The heart is invulnerable to the corroding tooth of iconoclastic Time; the passing years age it not; bright hope never deserts it; it is always young, and though it may take its naps at times, and seem dead to all that in lusty young manhood made of it a kingdom worth any queen's trouble to conquer and reign over, yet it but sleeps, and only needs the softest kiss from ripe young lips and the lightest caress of fair round arms to set it rioting as gallantly and gaily as when it was in its May.

Thus it was with Rev. Dr. Dixon. True it is that he is a preacher—a being conformed to the higher and purer life that poor miserable sinners have so much trouble in attaining, and so much more trouble in retaining when we have attained it. But then we must not forget that preachers are also mortals like ourselves, and that there are times when they lay their armor by for a breathing spell, as it were. It was in such a dismantled moment that pretty and foolish Lizzie Kepley got in her work on poor old Dr. Dixon.

We do not believe that these two sinned past all forgiveness—we do not believe that they went beyond the picket line of folly. But in going that far, for all practical purposes, they might as well have locked arms and journeyed across lots the balance of the way to the devil. Their folly—their sin, if you will have it so—have found them out, and a pretty kettle of fish it makes. A church is without its pastor, a wife without a husband, children without a father, New Albany without a reverend citizen, a foolish young girl without a foolish old sweetheart, and nobody the gainer by it all but the newspapers and the gossips.

Had not Lizzie's senseless vanity led her tongue to boasting of her "match," had she not gone further in her heedless folly and furnished his fond and foolish letters to the papers, her own fonder and foolisher epistles, furnished by an outraged and mortified wife to the press, would not have received an airing in types, and she set at a life-long task of living down the shame she has brought upon herself. She might have known that, with her letters to her ancient sweetheart undestroyed and where hostile hand could be placed upon them, any exposure she might make of him would rebound like the boomerang and smite the thrower. She might have known, had she possessed sufficient brains to stock the skull of a muskito, that her letters to Dr. Dixon, if made public, would beset her fair name even as the agitation of the caudle appendage of the *unphile Americana* will beset the best-made and costliest store-clothes.

BLAINE'S brother Republican Senators have given his attempt to carry the ghost of the Southern Confederacy the grand bouree.

# A WISE MEASURE

The experience of the last presidential contest, and the resultant opinion of Mr. Tilden and the people who elected him to the office of President, ought certainly to continue every intelligent man that legislation by Congress is absolutely necessary to prevent a repetition of the game, by which Hayes was put in possession of an office to which he was not entitled.

The bill introduced into the Senate by Edmunds, of Vermont, and which passed that body of Saturday, seems to us to be that which was needed, except that it provides for the election in October instead of November. The House, when the bill comes to them for concurrent action, ought to strike out that portion and substitute November therefor. The remainder of the bill is unexceptionable. It leaves all dispute over electoral votes to be decided exclusively by the State tribunals, and their decision is to be accepted by the Electoral College and by Congress as a finality. We see no grounds for partisan opposition to the measure on the part of Democratic members. It is a wise measure, and, with the change we have suggested, would prove satisfactory to the country.

## DEATH OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bayard Taylor, editor, novelist, poet, traveler, lecturer, Minister to Germany, died at Berlin, of dropsy, at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon of last week. His last hours were peaceful and painless.

Bayard Taylor was born January 11, 1825, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. In 1842 he was apprenticed to the printing business at West Chester, and soon began writing verses for the papers. His first volume was published in 1844. His sale furnished him the means for a voyage to Europe, from whence he returned in 1846, publishing his experiences abroad in a fascinating volume of travels entitled "Views Abroad." Immediately after his return from abroad he took editorial charge of a Pennsylvania country paper. He soon drifted from that to New York, where his long and successful literary career began. In 1849 he became associate editor and part owner of the New York Tribune, then in its palmy days, when the fame and ability of Horace Greeley were at the zenith. In 1851 Mr. Taylor visited Egypt, Asia and China, returning in 1853, and publishing several volumes of experiences in the far-away lands of the East. His books—travels, novels, poetry, etc.—were numerous and popular.

In person he was large and rugged, ruddy-faced, bright-eyed and heavy-bearded. He leaves a wife, whom he married in Denmark while traveling in that country, and a daughter just verging upon womanhood. He was the most creditable representative this government had abroad, and therefore his death at this time partakes of the nature of a national calamity.

A TEMPERANCE prophet named Campbell has appeared at Mayaville. His plan is for every man who will drink, to buy his whiskey by the gallon—costing, say \$2—and take it home and give it to his wife, making her his keeper. There are six dollars and forty cents worth of drinks in the gallon, at ten cents each. When he takes a drink let him hand her a dime. By this plan he will make four dollars and forty cents clear, and by the time he becomes unfit for anything but to die a drinkard's death, she will have realized enough to bury him decently, and thus save the county the expense of a pauper funeral. It's a good idea, that, and worth the consideration of the bibulosity inclined. The only drawback we can discover is, that when the husband gets on a regular knock-down-and-drag-out spree, the profits of the bar will not justify the wife in sending for Bob Ingersoll and paying him \$250 an hour to convince her that there is no hell about the house.

A novel way of raising funds for church purposes was lately resorted to by a young lady of this place. A balance of \$25 was needed to complete the payments on an organ, and no one could be found to advance the money. Some one jokingly suggested that one of the young lady members should mortgage herself to a gentleman for the amount. A very handsome young lady accepted the proposition, and a gentleman coming in promptly agreed to become the mortgagee and plank down the desired amount. A young legal luminary was employed to write a genuine mortgage, setting forth the facts in the case, and it was signed and acknowledged in presence of the lady's parents. The money has not been repaid, and the hard-hearted money-lender has brought suit for the foreclosure of the mortgage. The case will be decided at the February term of the circuit court, and we suppose there will be another item for the "Orange Blossom" columnist about that time. (Flemingsburg Rambler.)

Just let this fact be known through the country, and all the organs and churches will be paid for. Plenty of nice girls, smart, pretty and sweet, are ready to be sacrificed for the cause in the same way.

## STATE NEWS.

—Union county instructs for Underwood.  
—Ballard county instructs for Blackburn.  
—A little five year old girl, daughter of Alex. Bland, was burned to death at Kuttawa.

—Sunday sport in Nicholasville: Spencer McAfee and Allen Burton shot at each other and hit Archie Stahl, who loses a leg by the fun.

—North Benson's Sunday work: Leo Armstrong and John Liffins went hunting; Liffins' gun accidentally went off; there was a funeral from the Armstrong residence Monday.

—The Montgomery county dogs have taken to eating corn in the field, if the Mt. Sterling Sentinel guesses right.

—Wm. Ashby shot his brains out with a rifle in Robertson county.

—Joe Goddard stabbed and killed his brother Bill at Mt. Olivet.

—A singular and fatal sickness has made its appearance at and in the neighborhood of Wingo Station, Graves county. The patient is seized with a burning fever, which is swiftly followed by profuse perspiration. This keeps up until the patient dies of exhaustion. So far every case has killed the physicians.

—Typhoid fever is epidemic at Bardonia.

—A too young old daughter of a widow named Burns in Nelson county was burned

to death by her clothes igniting while sitting in the fire.

—Alexander Campbell, for many years a leading merchant of Falmouth, has been sent to the lunatic asylum.

—The baby of Mrs. Greer Fryman, of Nicholas county, fell into a tub of boiling water and was scalded to death.

—A colored woman named Casson was burned to death in Harrison county by her clothing catching fire while warming at an open fire place.

—The Harrodsburg Observer has just put up a new cylinder power press.

—A young man named Dignan is in jail at Mt. Sterling for forgery.

—Thos. L. Gohsen, jr., of Marshall county, declines to run for the position of State Auditor.

—Paris went funeraling last Monday, and buried seven of its citizens.

—The Weekly Tobacco Review is a new venture in Paducah journalism.

—Mad dogs are enlivening the holiday season in portions of Washington county.

—Miss Jennie Wadlington, of Madisonville, died at Eminence—where she was attending college—Monday.

—Tom Garnett, of Owen county, was resting, after a day spent in hunting, with both hands on the muzzle of the gun. He don't know how it went off, but he'd give his entire crop of tobacco for his hands again.

—Pomphrey, the Covington black-mailer, wants the Governor to remit the fine and imprisonment imposed upon him for libeling Hon. Jno. G. Carlisle.

—Four negro men have been arrested in Shelby county for kukuizing an old man of their own color.

—Chan Reticker, a dead-beat of a showman, has set Fayette county wild with stories of his millions of acres in Brazil, and his declared intention to buy all the fine stock in the Bluegrass Nation and ship them to his tropical dominion. The biggest lie is easiest swallowed.

—Dogs are taking their Christmas merryment out on Nicholas county sheepfolds.

—Mack Lee, of color, had his hand crushed in the cog-wheel of a water-tank near Elizabethtown, and was compelled to suffer amputation.

—Two colored children at Midway, were locked in the house by their mother Friday evening, while she was gone to deliver washing. When she returned she found both burned to death.

—Danville, hearing that Paris had seven deaths in one day, tried to follow suit, but succeeded in scoring only four.

—Bae's big ice-house at Owensboro was destroyed by fire the other night. Was it spontaneous combustion?

—John Hall, aged 84, and a pensioner of the war of 1812, died in Spencer county.

Tom Hall, Louisville correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer and Police News (so he says), was kicked all around the public square at Columbia, Adair county, by a lightning-rod peddler about whom he had been wagging a slanderous tongue.

We know Hall, and will bet that the kicker had to fumigate his boots after the performance.

—Douglas O'Daniel, while trying to ford the Rolling Fork near Howard's Mill, in Nelson county, on a mule, was drowned.

—Four saws and eight files aggregate the spoils of prisoners in Lancaster jail by Jailer Dillon last week.

—The Harrodsburg Observer has seen a crow as big as a barrel. "Old Crow," perhaps.

—Horse-thieves are so numerous and industrious in the Bluegrass Nation that papers up there are seriously advocating the formation of vigilance committees. Murderers in the same region range from six to a dozen a month, and we never hear a word about lynching the misdoers. A horse is more valuable to the southern nabob than a human life.

—An intelligent Boone county mule saved the State some thousands of dollars expense for the trial and final acquittal of a Gallatin county murderer, by kicking him in the stomach hard enough to send him "killing" to the graveyard.

—Mr. Abraham Bottriff, a wealthy citizen of Oldham county, has made an assignment, his liabilities amounting to \$110,000, all accrued from indorcing the paper of Milton & Suyzer, the Louisville flouring firm that recently failed with nearly half a million in indebtedness.

—River pirates, whose headquarters are on an island below Hickman, are nightly pillaging the stores of that place. Townsman Warner, accompanied by a negro, dropped down on them a few nights ago in a skiff, and succeeded in capturing two of the robbers and a good lot of stolen plunder.

—Livingston county girls don't marry for the mere fun of the thing. Mrs. Nancy Taylor's wedding occurred near Smithland two years ago, and now she is the mother of five children—her first effort being twins, and her second triplets. Her husband is around pricing paragon by the gallon.

—Magistrates courts are not as dull gatherings in Menifee county as elsewhere. In "Squire Brown's" court, the other day, John Haynes and Smiley Sloan were the principals in a trifling suit. Sloan was testifying in a way that Haynes despised, and drawing his revolver promptly signified his displeasure by blazing away at the witness.

The ball passed through Sloan's coat and vest, ricocheted on Tom Clinch's fist, and buried itself in Bill Hall's thigh. "Fie! fie! Johnny," exclaimed the Squire, "you must kill somebody, an' then I'd a bed to me for contempt of court."

—R. H. Frazer, a Paducah tobacco buyer of Hopkinsville, died at Paducah of pneumonia.

—Miss Mattie Todd, niece of Mrs. President Lincoln, has been appointed postmistress at Cynthiahina. Her father, Dr. G. R. C. Todd, was killed in a street fight at Richmond, Va., during the war.

—Gov. McCrory offers \$400 reward for the capture of one Stephen A. Carroll county murderer.

—Elias Scott went to the war; his sweetheart married Bud Jett; the war over, so it returned home; on fine morning Jett was found mysteriously murdered; in due course Scott married the widow; last week he died, and with his last breath confessed to having murdered Jett.

—Todd county is pining at the top of its nose for the Bluegrass people to come down and look at its 1,400 lbs. hog.

# DON'T BE BLIND!!!

The Greatest Bargains ever Offered!!!

The Best Cash Investments in the U. S. can be had at this Establishment.

The Largest Stock this side of Louisville!!!

DON'T BE BLIND!!!

# DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND GROCERIES

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, PRETTIEST And MOST Attractive NEW STOCK

OF WINTER

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES

AND NOTIONS

Ever Brought to Cloverport is Now Opening at FRAIZE & MILLER'S.

We have a full line of every thing kept in a First-class Store, and everybody is invited to call and examine our Immense Stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, and GROCERIES. Our Prices are guaranteed as Low as the LOWEST for First-class, good Goods. We cordially invite YOU to visit our store, knowing that we will not fail to suit you in Quality, STYLES and PRICES.

FRAIZE & MILLER.

H. A. M. HENDERSON, THE BICKFORD

of Bourbon county, is a Candidate for SENATOR, DISTRICT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, subject to the action of a Democratic Convention.

THE WELLS TEA COMPANY, Importers of Pure China and Japan Teas.

Supply Teas to Storekeepers, in original packages, at lowest import prices.

Supply Teas to Druggists, General Dealers and others, packed in handsome sealed packages of one pound each, in canisters of the same capacity, and in 6 pounds, 10 pounds and 20 pounds boxes.

Supply Teas to Peddlers in half pound and one pound bags, plain or printed, at a more liberal discount than is given elsewhere.

Supply Teas for Club Orders, and allow a larger commission than usual, and in all cases guarantee the quality of their goods.

The Wells Tea Co. is one of the largest and most reliable houses in the trade, and all parties requiring Teas should send for a circular.

THE WELLS TEA COMPANY, 231 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

P. O. BOX 4560. 1029 St.

You Can Have Free! 1879. 1879.

A SPECIMEN COPY OF THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

It is the most entertaining journal in the world. Its literary standard is of the highest character. Its poems and sketches are universally copied and read. It is witty, gossip, entertaining and instructive. It sparkles from the first page to the last. It surpasses in correspondence from all parts of the country. Its war sketches by noted writers and contributors to history from both sides, and the South is fully represented.

A THOUSAND LADIES! In reality many more, the best women in the land, contribute to "THE HOUSEHOLD."

It is a supplement which accompanies The Free Press every week. There is nothing like it. Cordial admiration and love express the sentiments which readers entertain for it. Kindly sympathy, good advice, information and instruction upon many topics, characterize its contents.

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE Try The Free Press for a year. MAKE HOME HAPPY. Nothing will so commend itself to the family. Or afford so much genuine enjoyment. As a personal of THE DETROIT FREE PRESS. The rates of subscription are Two Dollars a year. Send to The Free Press Co., Detroit, Michigan.

WE CLUB IT WITH THIS PAPER. The terms for the two together are \$2.50 per year. Send that amount to the publishers of this paper and both will be mailed you postage free. If you desire to take both together you'll never regret it. All persons should patronize first their local agent. Text let them take the BEST PAPER THEY CAN FIND. That paper is, as all know, THE DETROIT FREE PRESS. A subscription of The Free Press will be sent free to any address.

## AUTOMATIC FAMILY KNITTER.



Knits all sizes of work, narrow and wide; it shapes all sizes complete. Knits over 50 different garments, Socks, Stockings, Mittens, Leggings, Wristlets, Gloves, etc. It knits every possible variety of plain or fancy stitch. 75 per cent profit in manufacturing knit goods. Farmers can trouble the value of their wool, by converting it into knit goods.

nov. 13 6m

THE Louisville Commercial, Leading Republican Paper in the South.

THE Louisville Commercial is now about to enter upon its tenth year. It will advertise in future, as it has in the past, the cardinal Republican doctrine: equal rights under the law to all men; devotion to the union of the States; the honorable discharge of all national obligations; the growth of friendly feelings among the people of all sections. While staunchly adhering to the Republican party, it will aim to be fair and just in its criticisms upon public men and measures, notwithstanding blame from its own party when they are entitled to it.

The Daily Commercial has the full telegraphic dispatches of the Associated Press, and gives a complete record of current events. Ten Weekly Commercial is a large nine-column paper, with few advertisements, especially edited to make it acceptable as a family newspaper. The terms given below show the Commercial to be, in both editions, the CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WEST.

TERMS. DAILY COMMERCIAL. One year, by mail, postpaid.....\$4 00 Six months, by mail, postpaid.....2 00 Three months, by mail, postpaid.....1 00 One month, by mail, postpaid......50

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL. One year, one year, postpaid.....\$1 25 Ten copies, one year, postpaid.....10 00 Twenty copies, one year, postpaid.....20 00

All subscriptions payable strictly in advance, by postal order, registered letter, or cash, by express, free of expense to the subscriber. The terms given below show the Commercial to be, in both editions, the CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WEST.

THE COMMERCIAL COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.